
Title: Juo'nar's Entrance I

Author: Siggi Sigurthson

The disruption of war has
ravaged the once fertile
lands of Britannia.
Families have been torn
asunder; brave warriors
and mages martyred and
lost. In the midst of this
destruction, men and

women have put aside
their daily lives to draw
arms against Minax and
her minions - in hopes of
restoring order to the
country they hold dear.

Our spotlight this week

focuses on Siggi
Sigurthson, a young
traveler of Britannia, who
has found himself drawn
into this battle for
Trinsic, and for all of
the realm.

“I grew up on a small
farm outside Vesper,
along with my mother,
brothers and sisters. My
father was a mysterious
person in our lives,
dropping in every now and
again with a pouch full of

gold, trinkets for us kids,
presents for mom and
most importantly grand
tales of the adventures
that he had. I don't know
when I decided to follow
in his footsteps but I do
know that it was at an

early age. When I was
eleven I expressed my

interest in following in
my father's footsteps.
Many long arguments
followed and my parents
finally agreed only after I
refused to eat for eight
days. My training went
quickly and soon I found
myself in the town of
Vesper with a shield on
my arm, a sword at my
hip and a small pouch of
gold. After wandering the
town for a while I was
aching to put my sword
arm to the test so into
the wilderness I went. I
soon learned that sparring
with my father is much
different from having to
fend off, and eventually
run from, an enraged
harpy trying to have you
as a light snack. It was
many scary hours later
when I returned to
Vesper, hungry, tired and
with a sack of loot that
I could barely carry.

"It was then that I was
drawn out of the little
world of Siggi Sigurthson
and into the greater
world of Britannia. I was
passing over a small
bridge, heading toward the
bank to deposit my loot
when I beheld a fearsome
creature locked in combat
with a pair of warriors,
with the city guard
looking on, doing nothing
about this horrific
creature rampaging
through town. Knowing
that this creature, which
I later found out it was
a troll, was more than a
match for me I decided
that discretion was the
better part of valor and
ducked behind the bank
and hid, watching the
fight, fearing for my life.
Little did I know that
that would only be the
first of many times that

I would decide hiding was my best option. Since then I have ducked many a troll out for my blood and even killed a few. It gradually seeped into my mind that something was not right, not just for me, but for everyone. At the time I did not know what it was. Rumors were spreading that towns across the land were seeing such attacks and many were paying a price to defeat them.

“A fair bit later, more experienced and traveling more widely I arrived in the town of Cove. This is a small peaceful town, or so I thought. I wandered into the healers and was discussing the price of various things with the vendor when the door opened quickly and slammed shut just as quickly. In ran two men dressed only in gray robes, their eyes wide with fear and breathless from running hard. Then the pounding began. A quick glance out the windows showed that the building was surrounded by nearly thirty headless. Fortunately they were too stupid to figure out how to work the door latch. As I was watching out the windows I saw a horseman gallop by followed closely by a number of gazers and one that was a particularly nasty shade of green. The fight for Cove was quick and dirty. A portal opened and soon a large group of warriors were clearing the town. I saw a group surround the green gazer, forcing it to recall out quickly. Again these strange events

were having an affect on
my every day life. I
became curious about
what was going on and
actively sought out
information about what
was happening. Everything
that I heard led toward
one place. Trinsic. I still
have nightmares of the
lurching dead that awaken
me in a cold sweat.

“My first venture into
Trinsic came about after
a friend gave me a
runestone for the doomed
city. I recalled into the
middle of a conflict. I
remember that the
conflict seemed one sided,
the warriors of the city
made quick work of the
waves of undead that
were sent against the
city. There was a feeling
of camaraderie amongst
the defenders of the city
and their confidence
seemed high. I spent my
waking hours over the
next days as witness to
the increased pressure
put upon the city. I had
heard of a mysterious
and powerful figure that
had been sighted, a lich
lord of unparalleled
strength and magical
might. I had not seen him
in my days in the city
but he was everything I
had heard about and
more. It was the middle of
the day and the undead
hordes were coming on
strong. The main gate had
fallen and the defenders
of the city had been
pushed back to the first
bridge on the main
promenade. I was on the
fringes, locked in combat
with two others against a
lich and a particularly
strong skeletal warrior
when I first saw him.
Long strips of flesh hung

off him in green ribbons
and fluttered in the wind
as he strode toward our
little combat. I am not
sure if my companion saw
the creature, or just
felt that he would be
able to withstand his
attack, but either way he
fell to Juo' nar as a
flamestrike enveloped him.
This was my call to flee.
The provisioners provided
a handy corner to duck
around. From my hiding
place I watched as Juo'
nar proceeded to end my
companions and move on.
Eventually I regained
control and helped some
others kill off the lesser
minions of the undead
army.

“The very next day saw
more carnage than I ever
hope to see again.
Rumors were flying that
the City of Honor would
be taken by an army of
the dead that night. I
was outside the gates
peering through the log
barrier, wondering how I
would get in when I saw
a very large number of
warriors gathering at the
main gate. I noticed my
closest companion, a mage
by the name of Nova,
was forming up in the
ranks. He was quite easy
to see in the hideously
colorful outfit that he
wears all the time. The
leadership seemed
confident and the spirit
of the warriors was very
high. I was chatting with
a person on the inside
about how I could get in
when it all fell apart.

To be continued...